THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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DESCRIPTION *of* TRIESTE *and its* VICINITY.

[From Mr. Phillips's Edition of the Tranſlation of Caſſa's Travels in Iſtria and Dalmatia.]

TRIESTE is the moſt conſiderable town in the Auſtrian part of Iſtria, which is more frequently called the Littoral. It ſucceeded the ancient Tergeſte; or rather the edifices, by being renewed in the progreſs of ages, have gradually replaced thoſe of the ancient city. It is therefore not a modern town, rebuilt on the ſcite of an ancient city, which had been deſtroyed by ſome terreſtrial revolution or political event. It riſes in an amphitheatrical form to the ſummit of a mountain, the baſe of which is waſhed by the ſea. A citadel built on this ſummit, commands the whole city, which is divided into the upper and the lower town.

The harbour of Trieſte, which is ſituated at the bottom of the gulph that bears its name, was for a length of time only a ſimple anchorage place. The court of Vienna, amidſt the numerous views it continually had for its aggrandizement, always was moſt anxious to acquire importance amongſt the maritime powers, and conſequently wiſhed to poſſeſs a ſea-port. The empreſs Maria Thereſa, embracing ſtill more ardently a project, of which her predeceſſors had only a preſentiment of the utility, without putting it in execution, reſolved to avail herſelf of the favourable ſituation of Trieſte, and to make it an important point, where the advantages of commerce might be united with thoſe of an imperial navy. In the year 1750, the plans were formed, and the works commenced. Favourable ſituations were ſelected for the conſtruction of veſſels, and docks were ſpeedily eſtabliſhed; magazines were alſo built, for various concomitant purpoſes, and theſe were ſucceeded by rope-walks, forges, &c. In

ſhort, Maria Thereſa neglected nothing which might inſure with rapidity to this new eſtabliſhment all the ſplendour which ſhe had deſigned it to enjoy! and ſhortly after, the Auſtrian flag appearing for the firſt time at ſea, appriſed Europe of the exiſtence of Trieſte.

The empreſs, however, would have but imperfectly fulfilled, the object ſhe had in view, if ſhe had not directed towards this place the channels of commerce. She therefore took care to beſtow upon it the moſt liberal privileges; and particularly, to declare the port to be free from all duties. To facilitate its connection with the Levant, ſhe, nineteen years afterwards, cauſed to be built a vaſt and commodious lazaretto, where the crews of the ſhips might be under quarantine. She alſo gradually encouraged thoſe trades and arts, which are more intimately connected with navigation. There were formed in Trieſte, manufactories of cables, ſail-cloth, anchors, and all kinds of arms, founderies for cannon, balls, &c. Magazines, for the production of articles purely commercial, were alſo eſtabliſhed; ſuch as velvet, wax-candles, ſoap, &c. liqueurs alſo became an important branch of trade; and the number of bottles now exported, annually, is ſuppoſed to amount to 600,000. In 1767, an inſurance-company was formed there, the capital of which was eſtimated at 300 000 florins; and in 1770, there were ſuppoſed to be upwards of thirty firſt-rate wholeſale commercial houſes.

With reſpect to its territorial productions, Trieſte has nothing to be proud of, except its white wines; the quality of which is eſteemed, and the purchaſe eaſy; but this article, as well as fruits, walnuts, cheſnuts, oranges, lemons, figs, &c. which the country produces in abundance, form only a trivial portion of its trade; which reſts more eſſentially upon its manufactures, or on the foreign merchandizes for which it is the depot.

It was thus that Trieſte aroſe from the obſcurity in which it had been plunged, particularly during the time that it eſpecially belonged to the biſhops, whoſe authority may be traced to as early a period as the ſixth century. They were ſuffragans of Aquileia, when Iſtria entirely belonged to the patriarch of that metropolis. Nevertheleſs, Lothaire, king of Italy, deprived the patriarch of Trieſte, and gave it, with its territory, in full ſovereignty, to its private biſhop, together with the right of coining money. Afterwards, the biſhops ſold to the inhabitants their juriſdiction, or legal authority, for 500 ſilver marks; at length, after having formed for ſome time, a part of Carniola, it was ſeparated from it; and now, its biſhops, who take the title of counts, are ſuffragans of the archbiſhop of Goertz.

The inhabitants of the environs of Trieſte have not, in general, the ſame propenſity to idleneſs, as thoſe of Venetian Iſtria. Being leſs Italian, they partake more of the manners

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and phyſical conſtitution of the people of Carniola; among whom they are indeed placed by ſeveral geographers, who conſider Auſtrian Iſtria as the fifth diviſion of the duchy of Carniola. They poſſeſs the robuſtneſs and manners of mountaineers; and, in fact, all this part is replete with mountains of an enormous ſize, the ſummits of which are covered with ſnow throughout the year. Theſe men are ſtrong and vigorous; formed to be ſupported by groſs and frugal nutriment, and accuſtomed to ſleep on the ground, they paſs without inconvenience, from the exceſſive cold which reigns on the mountains, to the ſuffocating heat which prevails in the vallies. They go with the breaſt expoſed, the feet naked; and yet brave the chilling cold and the aſperities of the rocks.

The mountains are either covered with fine woods, or are entirely barren, according to their ſituations; but the vallies are conſtantly ſo fertile, that they afford two harveſts in a year; ſo that after a crop of wheat, rye, or barley, they ſow buckwheat, which ripens before winter, as well as millet, which they generally cultivate on the lands that have produced hemp. Beſides theſe crops, which abundantly ſupply the conſumption of Trieſte they alſo rear a great number of cattle on the excellent paſturage of their vallies; while the territory in general furniſhes lead, ſteel, iron, and copper, for the navy; honey, vipers, &c. for pharmacy, and numerous cargoes of oils, reſin, and cheeſe.

This country, from the variety of ſteep mountains, interſected by deep and delightful vallies; and the union of ſavage nature in all her horror, with civilized nature reſplendent in agriculture and the arts, preſents the traveller, at each ſtep, with ſcites wonderfully picturesque; though, to form a juſt conception of the involuntary aſtoniſhment, terror, and admiration, as well as of the pleaſure which the traveller derives from the contemplation of ſuch vaſt objects, it would be neceſſary to have ocular evidence of the immenſity of thoſe lofty mountains, to obſerve their rude fractures, their gigantic maſſes, and enormous projections; the points of which, curvated and ſuſpended in the air, ſeem to threaten, every inſtant, to fall into the abyſſes; and, nevertheleſs, ſtand for ages in their motionleſs ſtate of terrific equilibrium. It would be neceſſary alſo to examine thoſe profound grottoes and caverns, into which the rays of the ſun never penetrate; to caſt the glare of flambeaux over the limpid brilliancy of the innumerable ſtalactities, with which their paths and vaults are embelliſhed; to hear the formidable roar of thoſe torrents and rivers, which fall from the tops of the mountains; and, rolling like thunder over the broken precipices, rebound, collect, and precipitate themſelves into the abyſſes and gulphs, in which they are loſt; and above all to behold the precipice, whence the Ruecca darts its foaming waves, in a perpendicular

direction, to the depth of 600 feet, before they deſcend into the cavities of the globe.

Let us add to theſe landſcapes, which ſometimes agreeably permit the view to filtrate, if we may ſo expreſs ourſelves, acroſs the vaſt chaſms in the rocks, and then to be loſt in the diſtant vapours of the vallies of Goricia, or beneath the azure horizon of the Adriatic ſea: or which, on other occaſions, more gravely retain it captive before thoſe vaſt and ſombre draperies of pines and oaks, which have for ages covered the ſummits of the mountains; let us, I ſay, add to the richneſs of theſe views the ſingular contraſt of the mouldering towers of ſome Teutonic caſtles, the antique towers of which extend to the clouds, with the villa of the peaceable merchant, the elegant architecture of which ſeems, at the bottom of the valley, only to domineer over the flowers that grow around it. Let us alſo add, the aſtoniſhing alliance of an eternal ſpring, whoſe breath careſſes the enamelled hillocks, with the rigorous winters, whoſe icy ſceptre preſſes on the ſummit of the mountains; the delightful voice of the nightingale, concealed in the orange tree, with the acute accent of the eagle, which proudly ſoars through the currents of the air; the monotony of the echoes which repeat the bleating of the goats on the rocks, and the dull lowing of the bull on the banks of the ſilver rivulets; and after all theſe compariſons, however inſenſible may be the mind of the traveller to the beauties of nature, and though, corrupted by the habits of poliſhed life, he may obſerve almoſt with indifference the majeſty of the Creator, as revealed in theſe grand and extraordinary circumſtances, yet he will be ſtruck with pity for the man who can be ſo blind to happineſs as to confine his pleaſures within the narrow and puerile circle of palaces, while the earth invites him to enjoyments, at the magnificent theatres of her ſublime irregularities:—enjoyments which are far more appropriate to the dignity of his nature.

In general the induſtry of the inhabitants of Trieſte is not equalled amongſt thoſe in the country part of Venetian Iſtria. The latter are exceſſively idle. The ſoil ſeems only deſirous of offering its produce; and one cannot but lament the apathy of the people, on obſerving them refuſe the invitations of nature. The fecundity of the ſea, which would appear to be reſerved only for nations who do not ſhare the bounties of the earth, here affords an unuſual abundance, and furniſhes an agreeable nutriment to the lazy devourers, who obtain it without fatigue, ſince their fiſhermen need ſcarcely depart from the ſhores in purſuit of their avocation. Hence oil and wine are the only articles which man requires from the ſoil in thoſe cantons, and theſe it affords him with prodigality. Both are held in much eſteem: the wines are of a particularly excellent quality, have an agreeable taſte, and poſſeſs an unuſual degree of ſtrength; while their low price

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renders them attainable by all claſſes of ſociety, and the people often avail themſelves of this facility by drinking them to exceſs. The abuſe of theſe excellent wines, and the repugnance of the Italians of Iſtria to all kinds of exerciſe, cauſe them to be afflicted with the gout at an early period of their lives; and if many lame perſons be obſervable, this malady is ſimply to be attributed to the immoderate uſe of ſpirituous liquors, and not, as ſome perſons have ſuppoſed, to a mal-conformation peculiar amongſt them.

Anecdotes of the late ingenious Painter, Mr. Morland.

WE have to record another inſtance of the abuſe of genius, and the miſapplication of talents, in the conduct of this celebrated painter, who died, in his 40th year, on the 29th of October, 1804. The eccentricity of his character led him into conſtant difficulties; he was immoderately given to drinking, which ruined his conſtitution, and accelerated his death.

He was extremely fond of viſiting the Iſle of Wight in the ſummer ſeaſon; and there is ſcarcely an object to be met with along the ſhore at the back of the iſland, that his pencil has not delineated. His beſt pictures are replete with ſcenes drawn from this ſpot. A fine rocky ſhore, with fiſhermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or ſending off their fiſh to the neighbouring market towns, were ſcenes he moſt delighted in, when he attempted ſeaſhore pieces; and the Iſle of Wight afforded abundant opportunities to gratify his taſte and fancy.

A few years ſince he was recogniſed in this his conſtant ſummer excurſion, at a place called Freſhwater-Gate, in a low public-houſe, known by the name of "The Cabin." A number of fiſhermen, a few ſailors, and three or four ruſtics, formed the homely group: he was in the midſt of them, contributing his joke, and partaking of their noiſy merriment, when his friend called him aſide, and intreated an hour of his company. Morland, with ſome reluctance withdrew from the cabin, and on his friend's remonſtrating with him the next day for keeping ſuch company, he drew from his pocket a ſketch-book, and aſked where he was to find ſo true a picture of humble life, unleſs it was in ſuch a place as that from whence his friend had withdrawn him. The ſketch was a correct delineation of every thing in the cabin tap room, even to a countenance, a ſtool, a ſettle, or the poſition of a figure.—This repreſentation his remembrance had ſupplied, after leaving the houſe; and one of his beſt pictures is that very ſcene he then ſketched—a proof that his mind was ſtill intent on its favourite purſuit, that of nature in her homelieſt

homelieſt attire, though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing further than an eagerneſs to participate in the vulgar ſenſualities of his ſurrounding companions.

Morland's garret ſerved him for all the purpoſes of life, and of this he has left a moſt admirable picture, as a companion to Sir Joſhua Reynold's kitchen in Leiceſter ſquare, the houſe that once belonged to his father. A great number of his pictures were loſt a few years ago, in a ſhip that foundered on its paſſage to Ruſſia. He had often large ſums offered to paint for foreigners and perſons of diſtinction; but he had always favourites whom he preferred for the time, and would paint for none who did not hit his peculiar humour. He was the eldeſt ſon of Henry Morland, an artiſt of great merit, who lived to a great age, and his mother is now living, upwards of 80. He is ſaid to have been the next heir of Sir Henry Morland, bart. but never claimed the title.

Notwithſtanding all his genius and talent, he had ſcarcely left behind him what will purchaſe him a decent funeral, or ſave an amiable wife from want and penury. Several years ago G. Morland, to avoid his creditors, retired from public ſight, and lived very obſcurely near Hackney; ſome of the neighbours, from his extreme privacy and other circumſtances, entertained a notion that he was either a coiner or a fabricator of forged bank-notes, and which ſuſpicion being communicated at the bank, the directors ſent ſome police officers to ſearch the houſe, and if guilt ſhould appear, to take the offender into cuſtody; upon their arrival they were ſoon obſerved by Morland, who, underſtanding them to be a bailiff and his followers, come in queſt of himſelf, immediately retreated into the garden, went out at a back door, ran over the brick-fields towards Hoxton, and then to London. Mrs. Morland, trembling with ſurpriſe, opened the front door, when the police officers entered, and began to ſearch the houſe; but upon an explanation taking place, and upon her aſſuring them, with an unaffected ſimplicity (ſo very evidently the natural reſult of truth), that they were miſtaken, and likewiſe informing them of the cauſe of his flight, and on their diſcovering little more in the houſe than ſome very excellent unfiniſhed pictures, which even in theſe men excited ſentiments of admiration and reſpect, they ſaid they were convinced of the miſtake, and retired. Upon communicating the reſult of their ſearch to the directors of the bank, that they had made no diſcovery of bank-notes, but that it was Morland, the painter's retreat from his creditors they had chanced to diſcover; and on account of his flight to avoid them, as bailiffs, the directors of the bank commiſerated the pecuniary embarraſſment of this unfortunate genius, and alſo on account of the trouble they had unintentionally given him, generouſly

nerouſly ſent him, as a voluntary preſent, two bank-notes of twenty pounds each.

FASHIONS.

NO great dreſs has yet appeared in London, and we never remember to have ſeen ſo little variety. We believe our *elegantes* find it impoſſible to adopt any ſtyle that would add more faſcination or loveline's to their appearance. White ſatin dreſſes, hats, and turbans, are the moſt prevalent, and are juſtly admired for their ſimplicity. The opera peliſſe, of very light colours, French grey, fawn, pearl colour, &c. trimmed with white fur, are very beautiful. Mantles, of high coloured ſatins, are alſo much worn. Draperies of every kind are ſtill faſhionable. A great number of fur coats, brought from Egypt, have been made up, with Turkiſh caps, of ſable and velvet, to match; they are worn by ladies of very high faſhion, and have a very *outre* and elegant appearance. Garnet, ruby and mulberry velvet peliſes, trimmed with very deep black lace, with hats, flowers, and wreaths, to match. The prevailing head-dreſs at preſent is the ſimple muſlin turban; and as diamonds cannot be introduced in the *demi-parure*, *les coquillages* have become the faſhion for the head, ears, and neck, and are very elegant. The *coquillages* are beautiful ſhells of different ſorts.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

A Pariſian petite maitreſſe, before ſhe puts on her *chemiſe*, her handkerchief, her ſtockings, her gown, and her gloves, takes care to put all this part of her toilette, three or four days before, in one of her ſultans; ſometimes in the ſultan *a la roſe*, ſometimes in the ſultan *a la vanille*, or in the ſultan *au citron*, according to the perfumes ſhe wiſhes to diffuſe around her. In Turkey one ſultan has ſeveral wives, in France a *petite maitreſſe* has ſeveral ſultans; but this language, in France, only means that an *elegante* at Paris has ſeveral baſkets of perfumes, in which ſhe puts her toilette. Formerly ſtraw hats were tied with ſatin ribbands; at preſent it is quite the reverſe. A *petite maitreſſe of haut ton* muſt have a ſatin bonnet, with ſtraw ribbands.

One of thoſe faſhionable preſents, which an *elegante* receives with diſtinction, and which can be offered without reſerve, is an *ananas* in one of thoſe caſkets, called ſultans. The lovers of the day preſent almoſt nothing elſe to their miſtreſſes but *ananas*.

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INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of COMMON PLEAS, Nov. 29.

Sittings after Term.

MACKENTER *v.* GOODHUGH.

THIS was an action brought to recover damages from the defendant, who lives in Blandford-ſtreet, Mancheſter-ſquare, for creating a nuiſance, which the plaintiff, who lives in the next houſe, ſtated in his declaration to have made his dwelling uncomfortable and uninhabitable, and to have likewiſe occaſioned him conſiderable loſs in buſineſs. From the evidence on the part of the plaintiff it appeared, that he has for the laſt ſeven years kept an eating-houſe next door to the defendant, who is a tallow-chandler, but that the ſtench iſſuing of late from his work-ſhop, eſpecially when he melted kitchen ſtuff, was abſolutely intolerable. Two witneſſes in particular depoſed, that in the next houſe to the defendant's, they were often awaked in the dead of the night out of ſound ſleep by the dreadful effect which they experienced from the ſtench and vapours which entered their apartments, and ſeemed to penetrate the very walls; that their wives and children had been ſeized with vomiting ſometimes, and generally appeared to be in a ſtate of the greateſt ſuffering on the nights when the melting took place: that the effluvia coming from the defendant's work-ſhop was perceived in the adjoining houſes as thick and black as ſmoke, and moiſtened the walls, furniture, &c. that at three o'clock in the morning, if the wind blew towards the doors and windows, the children muſt be carried out of the ſtreet, in order to relieve them from pain and the horrors of ſuffocation.—Two or three witneſſes were alſo examined to ſupport the ſecond count, namely, that the plaintiff ſuſtained conſiderable loſs in his buſineſs. A ſergeant of the guards, in particular, ſtated, that he had been in the habit, for ſome years paſt, of going to the plaintiff's ſhop or houſe to dinner; but was often obliged, of late, to come away without it, on account of the dreadful ſmell all about the place, on the days following the nights of melting kitchen-ſtuff at the defendant's; and that he alſo ſaw many perſons vomiting in the houſe on thoſe days, from the ſame cauſe.—One Richard Rainer, another witneſs, ſaid, that he was often in the defendant's work-ſhop, and heard him lately declare, that having done all in his power to make himſelf agreeable to his neighbours, without effect, he ſhould now give them a good "ſouſting." This word puzzled the court for ſome time; but was agreed at laſt, after many humourous attempts at explanation, to mean, an increaſe of ſtench.

Serjeant Beſt, who was leading counſel for the plaintiff, having cloſed the examination of witneſſes,

Serjeant Shepherd, for the defendant, addreſſed the jury, and begged them to conſider, how was the caſe of the plaintiff made out. What did his evidence eſtabliſh? that he came to live ſeven years ago in the next houſe to the defendant's, who reſided there ſeveral years before him, and purſued his trade unmoleſted by any of his neighbours, who carried it on alſo ever ſince, without any complaint having been made, till January laſt, when this action was commenced againſt him by the preſent plaintiff. He ſhould put it to the jury, and abide their deciſion with confidence, that the plaintiff had no right to inſtitute this action, much leſs to derive from it any advantage in damages. Why did he take the next houſe to this nuiſance? Why has he lived in it ſo long without preferring any complaint, or ſeeking redreſs by law? The reaſon was obvious; at firſt, he felt no inconvenience or injury from having been ſo near the defendant's ſhop, becauſe he was not rich enough to be faſtidious; now, however, when he was aſpiring to a coffee-houſe, inſtead of a cook's ſhop, his taſte became more refined, and his ſenſe of ſmelling more acute. This, in the abſtract, or confined to himſelf, would be perfectly indifferent, if he did not make the unfortunate chandler pay literally through the noſe for it.

Mr. Serjeant Beſt next commented on the teſtimony of the defendant's witneſſes, who all agreed that this tallow ſhop was a nuiſance, inaſmuch as they did not contradict the allegation of his client; they ſwore that the defendant uſed every exertion to prevent the ill effects of the ſtench from reaching the plaintiff; here was an acknowledgement, on the part of the defendant himſelf, that ſtench did iſſue from his premiſes offenſive to the neighbourhood, which was the very nuiſance complained of by the plaintiff. This conceſſion was ſufficient to entitle his client to damages, and the full benefit of his declaration, independently of any evidence which he adduced. There was one part of the doctrine advanced by his learned brother (Serjeant Shepherd) which really alarmed him, namely, that the plaintiff had no right to complain of a nuiſance now, becauſe it had exiſted for many years; that the acquieſcence of his client in an abuſe for a certain time precluded him from ſeeking or finding redreſs by law, as if the exiſtence of abuſes or nuiſances entitled them to a preſumptive right, and gave them a firm eſtabliſhment. But to what would a doctrine ſo monſtrous, and a practice ſo ſubverſive of all law, amount? To the deſtruction of ſociety itſelf, which was principally linked by ties of humanity, benevolence, and affection, and cemented by an interchange of good offices, from which his learned friend, contrary to his own nature, would diſpenſe the defendant.

Sir James Mansfield ſummed up the evidence on both ſides, in ſubſtance as we have given it. After which, in a few minutes, the foreman returned a verdict of 50l. damages for the plaintiff, with 40s. coſts.

On the Policy moſt prudent for Great Britain to purſue with reſpect to France, at the preſent critical Period.

[From Sir George Dallas's Letter to Sir William Pulteney.]

ON the duration, then, of his [Bonaparte's] authority and life, perhaps the continuance of peace may much depend. In the altered ſituation of France we are ſummoned to look forward to the future with additional anxiety. Without impeaching the ſincerity or the intentions of France, we are called upon to look at her intereſts, and ſurvey her ſituation. What have we ſeen? She has ſubdued the greater ſtates of Europe, and been baffled by ourſelves. She ſtands on the ruins of her own empire, ſtill heaving from the throes of internal faction, looking at the nations ſhe has vanquiſhed, yet turning, in the midſt of their fall, an eye of hope to the ſurviving power of theſe united kingdoms. Her enlarged dominion ſhe feels but weak, while yet we maintain an empire more univerſal than her own. What then will be her object, but to endeavour, by unremitting attention to her marine, to place it on that reſpectable footing that ſhall enable her, at a more convenient period, in conjunction with her vaſſal ſtates, to diſpute this empire with us, and break down the barriers between her and univerſal ſway? To revive and recruit this marine, will be the primary object of her care; and to ſtrike us where moſt we are vulnerable, the firſt effort of her ſtrength. Every encouragement will be given by her government to increaſe the nurſery of her ſeamen. The ſails of commerce will be widely ſpread; and India, as the moſt valuable and the moſt important of our foreign independencies, in the event of a future war, will be the object of her attention, and the point of her attack.

Imitating the policy of the Romans, our diſtant poſſeſſions will be her firſt aim. Sicily and Spain had yielded before Carthage fell. It is there, on the coaſts of Hindooſtan, that we may have to ſtruggle for our ſovereignty at home; and it is there that, by every conſideration of national policy, we are invited to ſtrengthen ourſelves. It is not by fleets and armies alone that we can preſerve theſe diſtant dominions. Let us reign in the hearts of the people, and a bulwark more powerful is erected than even the walls of our glory. Let us attach to our cauſe and our intereſts both the natives of the eaſt and the ſubjects of Great Britain, by extending to them all the bleſſings which a

mild

mild and beneficent government is capable of imparting; and by ſhewing to them, that, if we have reduced them to our dominion, it is only to improve their happineſs.

Let us not ſee the foreign flag ſtreaming on the Ganges, to confer protection where we can yield it ourſelves; and to bear away to foreign Europe the wealth of our ſubjects, when we ought to convey it to our own ſhores. Let us open the Thames to the flow of their gratitude, and the produce of their ſoil. Let us caſt off the fetters of commercial reſtraint, and breathe the expanſive ſentiment of national greatneſs. The natives of India expect it from us. The ſubjects of Britain claim it. The voice of millions implores of their conquerors not to paralize the efforts of their induſtry, but to allow them, for their reciprocal benefit, freely to extract from their ſoil and their arts all the advantages of which they are capable. The merchants and manufacturers of England call upon the juſtice of parliament to expand the ſpheres of their induſtry. The voice of the nation ſpeaks. It claims, from its guardians, renewed ſecurities for its defence, when the great fabrick of civil ſociety is rent aſunder, and the elements of its ſafety are convulſed! Theſe are the calls which attach to this queſtion. India aſſerts, that permitting her ſhips to bring home her ſurplus produce to Great Britain will animate her induſtry, revive her proſperity, augment her capital, quicken her productive powers in agriculture and manufactures, ſtrengthen her allegiance, and increaſe the happineſs of her peaceful children. Great Britain affirms, that it will enlarge her navigation, her cuſtoms, and her trade. It will deſtroy that clandeſtine commerce which now invades her rights. It will gladden her manufacturers, by augmenting the calls on their induſtry. It will render her metropolis the mart of the commerce of the eaſt. It will encircle her with ſecurities. Her harbours will be crowded with the fleets of Aſia. The tide of abundance will be her's. The majeſty of juſtice will exalt her power. And the generous principles by which ſhe retains a diſtant empire in ſubjection, in ſealing the rights of humanity, will ſpread new glories round her conſtitution!

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Admiral Campbell, who had riſen in the ſervice merely by his own merit, was captain of the Royal George, under Sir E. Hawke, at the defeat of Conflan's ſquadron; and being ſent home with the intelligence of that memorable victory, Lord Anſon, as they were going in his coach to carry the news to the king, ſaid, "Captain Campbell, the king will knight you, if you think proper.—" Troth, my Lord," ſaid the captain, who retained his Scotch dialect as long as he lived, "I ken nae

uſe that will be to me." "But your lady may like it," replied his lordſhip. "Weel then," rejoined the captain, wittily, "his majeſty may knight her if he pleaſes."

CURIOUS EPISTLE.

Vor

Meaſter Zecetary Baviz Aſqr.
at the Zine ov the Pigg Aſſes & Showl
Grub Street

put in pon } *Lunnun*
the Pwoſt }

Thick prezent wee Care

Tanten Dean, the zeventh dey of October, one thouſand zeven hundred, & thrice & thirty

If your worſhip pleazeth

CHE wou'd bag yaur devarſhon, vor zaying what cham going to convorme yaur worſhip conzarning, but virſt and voremoſt che muſt zey one thing (& that's not two) & that iz, az touching yaur journal, that comes here onze a wick, it iz zo witty and zo huge clever, that aul the tawne liketh it, and zayth that zartinly yaur worſhip muſt be vaztly learned, & when che readeth it to my wive Joan, we both laff, tell we be redy to ſplit our zides vor joy, but that iz not what che writeth about to yaur worſhip, only that by the by, an that to make zhort o my ſtory, che muſt convorm ye, that my ſpouze and I have gotten betwixt uz one only zun, who is kalled Nathan, & who commeth twenty dree next graſs, and thoſt che zayth it, he iz az ſprunny a buoy of his age as onny in the tawn of Tanten Dean, or vive mile round it, now az he iz my only cheeld, che have broft'n up a ſchollard, & che thoſt vor to zend en to the varſity at Kambridge & make a dokter of vizik of'n but only che thoſt hem had too much larning vor that, vor hem haz gon thro in ſpeech, qui, que, quod & di & do & dum, and all theazy kind of thingz, and haz lately larned, aſs in per centum, & property que marrowbones & queen janus, and his meaſter zayth, hem can larn no vurder, bezides all thiz, hem can write, zo as vor zome vokes to read it, and can vigger & caſt countz main well, hem underſtandz diſtraction & peart ov the multiplication teable, zo var az, vour timez vour, and zeven timez two, which you'l zay iz a vilthy deal to larn in zix wicks time, the buoy has partz, and a wounded memery, vor laſt zundey a ſtranger preach'd at at our church, and took hiz tex out of the goſpel of the Bell and the Dragon, & zaid a deal about Geneſez & Revelations

velations and about Belteſhazzer, che think hiz name waz king of Bableon, & zaid zeveral thingz about zircumzizion, & Zimun Maguz, and Lott's wive & Jericho and Jeruzalem, & thickey kind of thingz, and che heard Meaſter Wimbleton & Meaſter Peppercorn zay that they never heard zutch a brave zarmen in all their borne dayez, vor my own peart che dont much underſtond zarmens, but che thinz twor a ſpecial good one, vor it made all the old women cry like rain but what che broft the ſtory vor iz, that Nathan took the headz and tailz on't in hiz memery, and zaid a deal out extrumpery the ſame night at the Dog & Duck che believeth to ten voke that were ſmoaking & drinking there.

Now may hap zur you'll zay what do aul this magnify, why if you'll ha patience, che'll tell ye, Nathan knoweth hiz own accompliſhmentz, that hem hath larning and aul that, and hem hath had his nativity cazt in coffee grounds by a wize oman that telleth vortunez and ſhe zayth as how that Nathan iz born to great varment if hem wou'd go to Lunnun, zo now noathing runneth in hiz head but Lunnun, Lunnun and of aul thingz, he hankereth ater being a zecetary, the cheeld hath a proud ſtomick, (he taketh ater hiz mother vor that) & aymeth at great thingz.

You muſt no zur, hem hath now an offer to be a zecetary to a brick kill maker, vor as hem is known to ha wit at will & to be a ſchollard, every body iz vor katchin at'en, but noathing will zarve his turn, but to Lunnun him will go, or if we ont let 'en do that, hem vow'th moſt bitterly that hem will go to zea, now you muſt no, that hem uz my wivez doating piece, and ſhe feareth if hem ſhould go to zea, that hem would be a kaptin, & zo be kill'd az dead az a doare naile.

And whereaz cham convorm'd, that your worſhip iz zoone to be wedded & to keep a coatch, & to gine with Mrs. Mambrino to cut zimpletonz, wherevore and therevore in order to make my zun Nathan a zecetary ſhe deſireth your worſhip to take'n prentice, and now the zecret iz out, & e'en let it goe—If you'll take'n ne money ſhall peart uz, and our Joane will zend you a couple of rabbitz and a new milk cheeſe again your wedeing day, che do know, that wee a little matter ov ſhowing, in a littie time, the buoy wou'd ov hiz own zelfe be able to write journals az vaſt az hopz—therefore if you'll take'n, zay zo, by the next poaſt—Che be a man of zome zubſtance, che keepeth nine kowes & a boar, & our Joan do make butter & cheeze & aggs & chickebiddies & goozychicks & thicky kind of things—Moreover & likewiſe, che liveth in my own, payeth ſcott & lott, hath been twize conſtable an cham now church warden over the highways & bezides aul thick, che have two hundred good ſhillings in a bag in my hutch, & do owe no mon a vour yenny piece, nor do care one zingle zixpence vor my lord mare to be my unkle, but ſhaull be huge glad if you'd make

my

my zun Nathan a zecetary, the buoy zendz his zarvis to you, & zo doth my wive, & my own zell bezides, The boyz vingerz do itch to be wee, but we ſhall expect that you will bind'n zecetary at hall, that he may be a vreeman to Lunnun, and he zayeth that hem believeth that hem can help ye to the cutting ov a hundred and vifty zimple voke in theaze town, bezidez what may be in the pariſhez about uz,

Zo no more at prezent, but cham very wundervuly & wee aul my hart & zoul

Sir
Your zarvant at command
an zo forth
ROGER WHISTLEWELL.

P. S. Che forgot to tell ye, & che waz to bleam vor that, that bezidez the buoy's Lattin, hem underſtandz zomething of lozophy, and can tell (within an houre or two) what tiz a clock by the aulmanack, and zayeth that if hem had but Littletonz Dixinary & Ezops Feables we cutz, hem believeth that hem could vind out the longetude, vor hem iz az ſharp onmoſt as a new ground hatchett, & zo witty that uz feareth hem wont live long.
R. W.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERY early in life, (ſays a modern author,) I reſided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or ſix of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman, who affected an enthuſiaſtic paſſion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greateſt deſire to be thought a connoiſſeur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the Voyage Pictoreſque de Paris by art. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to diſplay all the refinement of his art. He ſhook his head at ſome pictures, toſſed up his noſe at others; commended a few, and pronounced ſentence on every piece as he paſſed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taſte ſtopped ſhort in an extacy of admiration.—One of the company had already paſſed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture, on which the connoiſſeur bawled out —" Good God, Sir! what are you about? " The honeſt gentleman ſtarted, and ſtared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

" Have you eyes in your head, Sir?" continued the connoiſſeur: " Don't you know St. John when you ſee him?"

"St. John!" replied the other in amazement, "Aye, Sir; St. John the Baptiſt, in propria perſona."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir," ſaid the gentleman, peeviſhly.

"Don't you?" rejoined the connoiſſeur; then I'll endeavour to explain myſelf. I mean St. John in the Wilderneſs, by the divine Rafaelle Sanzio da Urbino, and here it ſtands by your ſide.—Pray, my dear Sir, will you be ſo obliging as to beſtow a little of your attention on that foot? Does it not ſtart from the wall? Is it not perfectly out of the frame? Did you ever ſee ſuch colouring? They talk of Titian; can Titian's colouring excel that? What truth, what nature in the head! To the elegance of the antique, he has joined the ſimplicity of nature."

We ſtood liſtening in ſilent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he had enumerated: when a perſon in the duke of Orleans's ſervice, came and informed us, that the original, which he preſumed was the picture we wiſhed to ſee, was in another room: the duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at was a very wretched daubing done from the original by ſome obſcure painter, and had been thrown, with the other rubbiſh, into a corner, where the Swiſs had accidentally diſcovered it, and hung it up merely by way of covering the vacant ſpace on the wall, till the other ſhould be replaced.

How the connoiſſeur looked on this trying occaſion, I cannot ſay. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not ſafe, in this ſcience, to ſpeak even from the book.

LESSON *for* SOVEREIGNS.

THE celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Diſcourſe concerning the Prerogative of parliament," ſays, that Queen Elizabeth would ſet the reaſon of her meaner ſubjects againſt the authority of her greateſt counſellors. By her patience herein, ſhe raiſed the ordinary cuſtoms of London above 50,000l. a year, without any impoſition. The earl of Leiceſter, Lord Burleigh, and Secretary Walſingham, who, it is ſaid, had been bribed by ſome of the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms, joined againſt a poor waiter of the cuſtom-houſe, named Carwarden, and endeavoured to prevent his ſeeing the queen; but receiving a petition from him, ſhe countenanced him againſt them. It would not ſerve the turn with her, to be told by her great officers, that ſhe diſgraced them, by allowing her ear to the complaints of buſy heads; and that ſhe diſhonoured her own dignity. Her conſtant

ſtant anſwer was—" That if men ſhould complain unjuſtly againſt her miniſters, ſhe knew well enough how to puniſh them; but if they had reaſon for the complaint they offered her, ſhe was queen of the ſmall, as well as of the great, and would not ſuffer herſelf to be beſieged by ſervants, who could have no motive for wiſhing it, but their intereſt in the oppreſſion of others." What an excellent leſſon for ſovereigns!

The NEW WINDOW TAX.

AN old correſpondent, who has been reading, till he is almoſt blind, the act for improving the duty on windows, with a view to underſtand what is meant by *ſingle* and *double*, and *exterior* and *interior* lights, wiſhes to be informed whether his *ſpectacles* are to be conſidered as *one*, or *two windows*.

ANECDOTE *and* CHARACTER *of* BONAPARTE.

[From Holcroft's Travels from Hamburgh to Paris.]

WHEN Bonaparte firſt came to Milan, profeſſing himſelf the deliverer of a once great people, but now and long ſince miſerably enchained by prieſtcraft and petty deſpotiſm, thoſe who earneſtly deſired the emancipation and the happineſs of their country, received him with open arms. One of them, a Milaneſe nobleman of great influence, devoted his whole means and power to the cauſe which he ſuppoſed the French ſincerely intended to promote; and for that purpoſe in giving aid to Bonaparte, by whom he was then treated with the moſt flattering attention.

This nobleman had none but virtuous motives for his conduct; and he was too ſoon convinced that it was not for the cauſe of freedom, which Bonaparte and the armies of France fought: the avarice of individuals, the plunder of rich and poor, and the worſt of motives, which ſelfiſhneſs, egotiſm, and national vanity could inſpire, were daily more and more apparent.

After ſome reverſe of fortune, which the French ſuſtained in Italy, Bonaparte once more came to Milan; and the indignant patriot, inſtead of again promoting the views of the conqueror, openly upbraided him with his want of good faith, his total dereliction from the cauſe of freedom, and with the atrocities committed or countenanced by him. The affront was unpardonable; to reprove a man who had armies at his command, though it ſhowed a noble and virtuous fortitude, the noble Milaneſe ſoon found was a fatal ſtep: Bonaparte cauſed him to be

ſeized, put him under a guard, and ſent accuſations of him to the directory, accompanied by pretended proofs that he was a traitor to freedom and France. The end of this tragedy was the death of the Italian: he was ſhot; and the paſſions of his enemy were ſhewn to be dangerous to the preſent, and ominous to the future.

This account I had from a man of rank and honour, an Italian, who aſſured me he abſolutely knew all he related to be true.

I have ſeveral times been cloſe to his perſon: his ſtature is diminutive, his complexion ſallow, and his phyſiognomy bears thoſe marks that denote the labours of his mind: it is care worn; but it is alſo ſuſceptible of great variety. From his atrabilarious complexion, choler might be certainly predicted; but, from the ſedateneſs of his eye, not of that ſudden and impetuous kind to which he is ſo very ſubject.

There are various traits, public and private, that diſcover Bonaparte to have attempted to copy Alexander, while he was in Egypt, Cæſar during his Italian campaigns, and Charlemagne ſince he has aſſumed to himſelf the office and the powers of a ruler.

When traverſing the ſands of Egypt and Syria, he did not forget the Libyan deſerts: Alexander was then his model.

He placed a large ſtatue of Cæſar, allowed to be of excellent workmanſhip, fronting his apartments in the Tuileries, that he might have it in daily contemplation.

Since the addition of Helvetia and the Ciſalpine republic, the power of Charlemagne, extending over Europe, and his imperial dignities, have inceſſantly haunted his imagination. Conſul for life is a title ſo poor that it appears to have become intolerable to thought. Need I inſiſt on the imbecility with which he has aped the royal ſtate?

Between the dwarfiſh form of the man, and his enormous arrogance, there is a diſparity too prepoſterous for feeling to rid itſelf of, except by laughter. Yet how ſuddenly is this emotion checked, by the remembrance of the general deſtruction in which he endeavours to involve mankind. Is it not miſerable to reflect that the paltry, the frothy, the deſpicable thing called vanity, raging in a being in itſelf ſo impotent, ſhould be the cauſe of ſuch deſolation?

Still his mighty mind, occaſionally, gives public proofs of the warnings and the impulſes it receives from truth: to the man of diſcrimination, there are paſſages in his ſtate papers that ſhow with what force it ſtruck him, and prove his momentary grandeur of thought. To this hour, changed as he gradually has been, and loaded as his horizon is with the blackeſt clouds of ſplenetic ambition, it ſtill now and then emits a tranſient beam.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to Juventus's Charade, inſerted October 8.

'MONGST Albions ſons, of warlike fame,
Conſpicuous ſhines brave POPHAM's name.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Lewis, J. Bloomfield, and T. Adey, of Poole; T. Whicker, and W. Strong, of Exeter; and E. Moon, of Wincanton.

Anſwer, by Elizabeth Beaton, of Woodsford-Caſtle, to E. R. Bickham's Enigma, inſerted October 8.

THE beauteous DIAMOND from the earth is torn,
To diſtant ſhores, for lucre's ſake is borne.

*** A ſimilar anſwer has been received from A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; Egbert Moon, and Recluſe, of Wincanton; J. H. M. of Blackwater; R. Holwell, J. W. Fuller, W. Strong, and J. T Symons, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Channon, of Ottery; G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; W. Bickham, jun. and Inamoratus, of Aſhburton; J. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel; J. Callaway, of Stalbridge; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; and J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

A CHARADE, *by a North Country Sailor at Exmouth.*

TWO numbers conjoin, add to them a tree,
You'll ſoon find an inſect, think, what can it be?

A REBUS, *by J. Chubb, of Everſhot.*

THE rod of Bacchus, gents. ſelect;
A bird that flies by night detect:
Declare the deity of ſhame;
Alſo a ſavour'd iſland's name;
A king, who by his ſubjects fell;
A monſter too who guarded Hell;
A name a conſtellation bears:
My whole a fav'rite plant declares.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

SWIFT as the eagle who, on pinions wide,
Thro' the high arch of heaven capacious glides;
Swift as the gales that on the ocean deep,
Make billows foam, and roll with boiſterous ſweep.
As ſwift as theſe I fly, like them can trace
The diſtant regions of unbounded ſpace.
In ſtate majeſtic I from earth ariſe,
Paſs duſky clouds, and view cerulean ſkies;
Then thro' light ether take my airy ray,
Where rays of glory beam celeſtial day.
Delicious joy! to ſoar in ambient air,
Where zephyrs wanton, and where all is fair;
While rolling clouds appear to form below
A bed of cotton, or a plain of ſnow.
Beauties like theſe oft gratify my ſight,
And yield me inexpreſſible delight;
But when exhauſted I deſcending fly,
And leave the beauteous regions of the ſky.

POETRY.

REMEMBER THE POOR!

NOW winter is come, with his cold chilling breath,
And the verdure deſerted the trees;
All nature ſeems touch'd by the finger of death,
And the ſtreams are beginning to freeze.
When wanton young lads o'er the river can ſlide,
And Flora attends us no more;
When in plenty you ſit by a cheerful fire-ſide,
Sure you ought to *remember the poor!*

When the cold feather'd ſnow does in plenty deſcend,
And whiten the proſpect around;
When the keen cutting winds from the north ſhall attend
Hard incruſtating over the ground.
When the hills and the dales are all candied with white,
When the rivers congeal to the ſhore;
When the bright twinkling ſtars ſhall proclaim a cold night,
Then *remember the ſtate of the poor!*

When the poor harmleſs hare may be trac'd to the wood,
By her footſteps indented in ſnow;
When the lips and the fingers are ſtarting with blood,
When the markſmen a cock-ſhooting go;
When the poor robin red-breaſt approaches the cot,
When the icicles hang at the door;
When the bowl ſmoaks with ſomething reviving and hot,
That's the time to *remember the poor!*

When a thaw ſhall enſue, and the waters increaſe,
And the rivers all inſolent grow;
When the fiſhes from priſon obtain a releaſe,
When in danger the travellers go;
When the meadows are hid by the proud ſwelling flood,
When the bridges are uſeful no more;
When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,
Can you grumble to *think on the poor?*

The ORPHAN GIRL's TALE.

IN mercy, good people, give ear to my woes,
Too great for my mind to endure;
And liſt to my tale, whilſt I feebly diſcloſe
Thoſe ſorrows Heaven only can cure.

I tell not my ſtory your bounty to gain,
Or to draw from your boſoms a ſigh;
But it eaſes my heart to unburthen its pain—
Your attention then do not deny.

I am houſeleſs and friendleſs! my parents I've loſt,
And I've no one my youth to protect:
In the dawn of my life is my happineſs, croſs'd,
And I ſigh at the world's cold neglect.

They lov'd their poor Mary; then bleſt was each day,
And time with us happily roll'd;

But

But too ſoon did our comfort and peace paſs away—
(Ah would my ſad ſtory were told!)

By mercileſs men was my father betray'd,
From his wife and his child torn away;
To a far diſtant country for ever convey'd;
We beheld him no more from that day.

There mourn'd he his ſorrows, and thought on paſt time;
There in ſilence he wept o'er his fate;
Grief at length broke his heart, and he died in his prime,
For his ſufferings were many and great.

When the news reach'd my mother, her poor palſied frame
Shook with anguiſh: no tear did ſhe ſhed:
A wandering maniac my parent became;
I beheld her, and trembled with dread!

No more to her boſom I fondly was preſs'd,
No more heard her accents ſo mild:
Whilſt with tears all her ſorrows to me ſhe expreſs'd,
And call'd me her dear belov'd child.

Now wild with deſpair! ſhe would drive me away,
And ſhudder whene'er I came near;
I knelt at her feet: "O! my lov'd mother, ſay,
"What is't from your child that you fear?"

"I've no child," ſcream'd ſhe horribly; "none will I have:
"My huſband and child's in the ſky:
"But I'll wander about till I find out their grave;
"Then ſtretch myſelf on it, and die."

She ruſh'd from her ſeat, and ran out at the door,
Whilſt with horror I gaz'd, and deſpair.
Alas! I beheld my dear mother no more;
She fled: I could never tell where.

O! could I but learn that her troubles were o'er,
That her deep-wounded heart was at reſt,
This dreadful ſuſpenſe for her fate then no more
Should I feel! for above ſhe'd be bleſt.

Bereft of her preſence, I wander forlorn;
Want and ſickneſs my footſteps attend.
I am cold, wet, and weary; my garments are torn;
And in vain I look round for a friend!

Your boſoms are heaving! a tear dims each eye!
O bleſt be thoſe proofs you now give,
That my ſorrows meet pity: to bear them I'll try,
And pray for you long as I live.

O! Father of Mercies! attend to my prayer;
Be my ſins, thro' thy goodneſs, forgiv'n;
Since no longer on earth I my parents' love ſhare,
Let me join their bleſt ſpirits in Heav'n!

SUSAN.

EPIGRAM.

CORINNA's quite a fright to me,
While Ned can only beauty ſee,
With every grace her form adorning;
We both are wrong, and both are right;
Ned ſees her ſtill by candle light—
But I have ſeen her in the morning!